

QUALITY
Comic
Ages

NATIONAL COMICS

NOVEMBER
No. 5



A SMASHING NEW STAR
TO THRILL YOU!
Starts in this issue

Starring
**UNCLE
SAM**

THE GREATEST COMIC
OF ALL TIME!

10^c



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OF ALL TIME!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breeding ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO

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Bring on all the bikes in the neighborhood. Match them hub to hub. And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when you show them the Spring Fork that changes riding to glid-ing . . . the Fork Wheel Brake that brings you to a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-proof Cycolock . . . rear expander brake . . . and many other exclusive Schwinn features.

Then let the gang stand back and admire the surging grace and super strength of America's finest bicycle . . . the bike that's waiting to whisk you to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

UNCLE SAM

By
William
Eisner

The TRUE
STORY of
**UNCLE
SAM...**

Who he was and
how he came to
be.....

AND THE WHOLE
CAUSE WILL BE LOST,
BECAUSE WASHINGTON
CAN'T LAST WITHOUT
SUPPLIES AT VALLEY
FORGE!

IN 1775, A NEW IDEA WAS
SWEEPING AMERICA.
THE FARMERS OF THE
COLONIES WERE FIGHTING
FOR **FREEDOM**

A SUPPLY
TRAIN,
HEADED FOR
VALLEY
FORGE, IS
CLOSELY
PURSUED
BY HESSIAN
SOLDIERS.

AT THE
MIDNIGHT WE
ARE MOVING,
THE ENEMY
WILL
SOON BE
UPON
US!



THAT NIGHT A PATRIOT NAMED SAM SLIPS OUT OF CAMP...
SODD! MY PLAN IS WORKING!
I'M BEING FOLLOWED! I
KNOW THE HESSIANS WILL
GET ME... BUT I MAY BE ABLE
TO DISTRACT THEIR ATTEN-
TION LONG ENOUGH FOR
THE WAGON TRAIN
TO GET
THROUGH!

SHOT AFTER SHOT IS
POURED INTO HIS BODY...
HE STAGGERS... TRIES
DESPERATELY TO GO ON.

LOOKS LIKE I STOP HERE
THE WAGONS WILL HAVE
SLIPPED PAST WHILE
THEY WERE CHASING
ME!

HIS LAST MOMENTS ARE GLORIOUS
ONES, BRIGHTENED BY THE SETTING
SUN'S RAYS.

WHY, THAT'S A
FLY... OUR FLAG!
THE RED WHITE
AND BLUE!
WE WON!

YES! THROUGH
YOUR
INDOMITABLE
SPIRIT,
AMERICA
IS FREE!

YOU WILL ALWAYS
GUIDE YOUR COUNTRY.
COME SAM! COME!

WE WILL BE ONE AS
YOU GUIDE AMERICA
THROUGH THE FUTURE.

AND BELLS RING OUT
AS THE PEOPLE REJOICE
IN THEIR WELL-EARNED
FREEDOM!

DOWN THROUGH THE YEARS
THIS GREAT INVISIBLE
FORCE LEADS OUR NATION
OUT OF MANYACRISIS....



INVISIBLE, UNCLE SAM JOINS THE FIGHTING FORCES FOR OUR FREEDOM. WHEREVER AMERICANS STRUGGLE, THEIR UNCLE SAM JOINS THEM...

NEVER RESTING, UNCLE SAM LED OUR BOYS TO VICTORY IN THE GREAT WAR.



WHEN PEOPLE STRUCK FOR BETTER CONDITIONS, HE WAS THERE TOO.

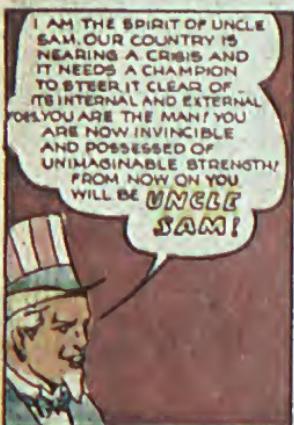
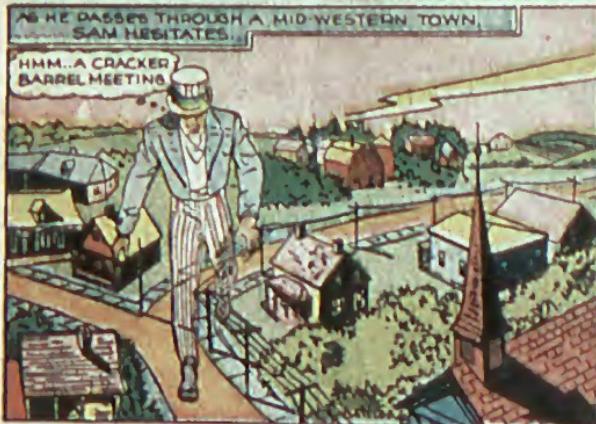
HE WAS THEIR CHAMPION AGAINST THE FORCES OF OPPRESSION.



AND NOW HE DECIDES TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN, AS CIVIL RIGHTS OF AMERICANS ARE THREATENED...

BY EVIL FORCES GUIDED BY DISTANT POWERS, PRYING FROM WITHIN.





THE NEXT DAY SAMUEL AS UNCLE SAM, NOW STROLLS THROUGH GLENVALLEY. HIS STRANGE ATTIRE DRAWS MUCH COMMENT.



WELL FER LAN' BAKES! WHAT'S GOT INTO OLD SAM? I'DJA SEE THE WAY HE'S RIGGED UPT POOR OLD SAM!



MEANWHILE, OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO A HARMLESS-LOOKING FARMYARD, SLIGHTLY REMOVED FROM TOWN.



SINISTER FIGURES SIT GROUPED AROUND A RUSTIC TABLE ON WHICH STANDS A KEROSENE LAMP!



WE CAN'T SCARE THOSE PEOPLE BY STRONG TALK. THEY'RE ALMOST A HUNDRED PERCENT FOR DEMOCRACY! NO, BOYS, TALK WON'T DO!



BUT THIS SHOULD! OUR LEADERS IN THE OLD WORLD USE THIS QUITE EFFECTIVELY TO ESTABLISH "REASON!"



ALL IS PEACE IN THE SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN. THE NEAT STREETS ARE BATHED IN SUNSHINE. CHILDREN SCAMPER A BOUT... A DOG BARKS.



IN THE DISTANCE A SOFT PURR IS HEARD. THE SOUND GROWS INTO THE STACCATO ROAR OF MOTORCYCLES...



THEY ZOOM DOWN MAIN STREET AND MACHINE GUN BREW DEATH...



TERROR-STRICKEN, THE TOWNSFOLK FLEE. MANY FALL BEFORE REACHING COVER...



THROUGH EVERY STREET THEY SPEED, THEN OUT TO THE COUNTRYSIDE, MOWING DOWN EVERY LIVING THING BEFORE THEM IN THEIR EFFORT TO SPREAD TERROR THROUGHOUT GLENVALLEY.









SALLY O'NEIL



THE CITY'S ACE LADY COP FINDS A NEW JOB IN THE SMART WORLD OF FASHION.... AND DISCOVERS FIREWORKS POPPING UNDER THE POLITE POLISH OF SMOOTH SALESMEN. OUR GAL SALLY IS QUICK TO PITCH INTO A BATTLE, WITH NO REGARD FOR ETIQUETTE.

POLICEWOMAN

By Frank Kearn

SALLY O'NEIL ANSWERS A CALL TO HEADQUARTERS.....



SHE HEARS HER NEW ASSIGNMENT, AND...



THE STORE DETECTIVES HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING. THEY NEED A CLEVER GIRL LIKE YOU, AND...

NEVER MIND THE FLATTERY. IT SOUNDS VERY INTERESTING. WHEN DO I START??



AT THE ULTRA-FASHIONABLE BONRITZ, SALLY MEETS HER FIRST CUSTOMER....



WHY, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED. HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM? I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU!



IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR JOB, MISS O'NEIL, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT! SHE'S ONE OF OUR BEST CUSTOMERS...



BUT SALLY SOON LEARNS THAT THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT... AND HOLDS HER JOB... UNTIL... ONE DAY...



BARRY GILMORE, WITH THAT DIVORCEE BARBARA VAN!

BARRY IS THE MOVIE ACTOR WHO HAS BEEN PURSUING SALLY WITH A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL...



SALLY!

BARRY, DARLING, DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS JUST MADE FOR ME?

AW, LET ME EXPLAIN, SALLY!

OUTSIDE THE CURTAINED BOOTH,



NOW, SALLY, BE REASONABLE... I CAN EXPLAIN!

NOT IN HERE!!! NO MAN IS ALLOWED IN HERE!! GET OUT!



AW...

SALLY!!

GO OUT ON THE FLOOR BEFORE ANYONE SEES YOU!



SUDDENLY, ANOTHER MALE RUNS INTO THE FORBIDDEN TERRITORY.



BUT BARRY STOPS TO SEE THE "MIDNIGHT BLACK" ON BARBARA

NO FEMALE COPPER OR ANYONE ELSE CAN ORDER ME AROUND... BARBARA!

2



OH, SO IT'S A PUBLICITY SAG/Poor Barry! Well, I'll have some fun!



WILL YOU GENTLEMEN PLEASE LEAVE OR MUST I CALL THE POLICE?

YEAH, WE'RE LEAVIN' MISS HMM... AINT SHE LOVELY!





TO MAKE THE JOB COMPLETE, THE FAKE DETECTIVE INSPECTS THE TRUCK FOR EVIDENCE OF THEFT!



AND THE TRUCK ROLLS ON ITS WAY TO THE SUBURBS, WITH A LOAD OF MERCHANDISE AND SALLY!



MEANWHILE....

GIVE ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS... SALLY O'NEIL IS BEING KIDNAPPED BY A GANG OF STORE THIEVES... YES, AT BONRITZ!



THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE STORE IN TWO MINUTES FLAT.....



I THINK IT WAS A WESTCHESTER SHIPMENT.... WE BETTER FOLLOW IN A CAR.... THEY WENT THAT WAY....



SIRENS CHILLING THE AIR WITH THEIR SCREAMS, THE POLICE CAR HEADS FOR THE COUNTRY....



MEANWHILE, SALLY MANAGES TO SQUEEZE FORWARD IN THE MATTRESS



AND AT LAST SHE WRIGGLES FORTH... A FREE WOMAN...



WE'LL LOSE THAT BUNDLE 'BY ACCIDENT' ON THE BRIDGE!



HURRY UP
WE DON'T
WANT ANY
WITNESSES!



AND OVER THE SIDE WITH A TREMENDOUS SPLASH INTO THE RIVER BELOW....



HEY! DON'T YOU KNOW FISHES DON'T BLEED IN BEDS? THEY WON'T NEED THAT MATTRESS!

THE DAME!















DOWN-
HEARTED
THE KID
PATROL
WALKS
TOWARD
HOME!

DON'T FEEL BADLY,
KIDS... YOUR INTEN-
TIONS WERE GOOD!
I'LL PAY FOR THE
DAMAGE DONE
TO TONY'S
CART!

SEE
YOU AGAIN
NEXT ISSUE,
FOLKS

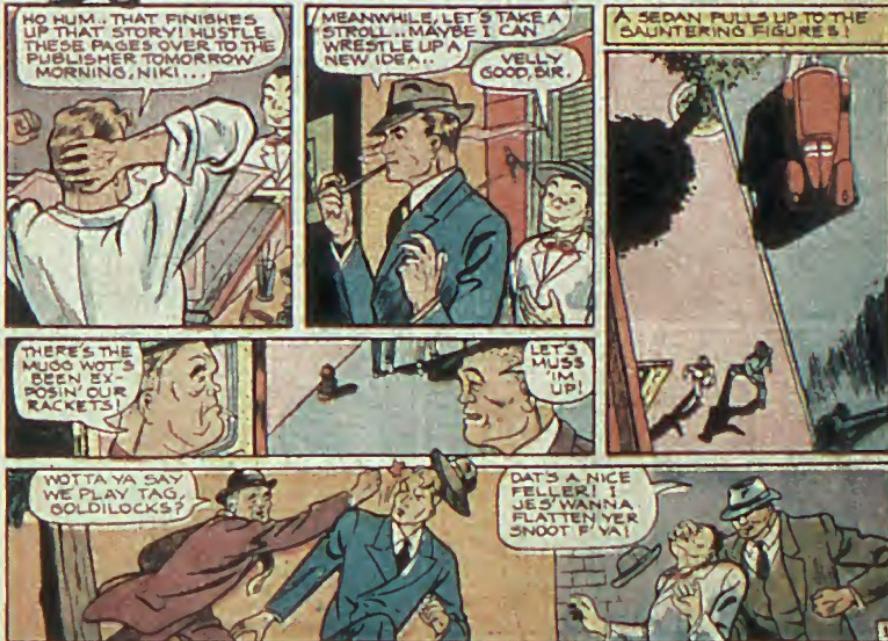
Pen Miller

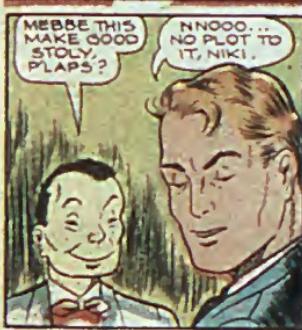


CARTOONIST
DETECTIVE

B. Thayer

OPEN MILLER, A WELL-KNOWN COMIC ARTIST, GETS MATERIAL FOR HIS STORIES FROM CASES HE HAS CRACKED AS RESPECTED AND FEARED DETECTIVE . . .





THE MAN DEPARTS WITH HIS PACKAGE.. WITH PEN AND HIS VALET HARD ON HIS HEELS!





THE THUGS FINALLY DEEM IT THE WISEST COURSE TO SUBMIT TO THE NEEDLE . . .

AS EACH MAN IN TURN TAKES TWO SHOTS, LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT "PEN" IS INJECTING SCOPOLAMINE AND SOME SLEEPING DRUG INTO THEM!

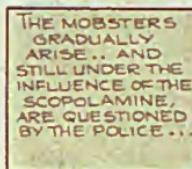


AS THE "TRUTH SERUM" AND THE OPIATE BEGIN TO WORK ON THEM:

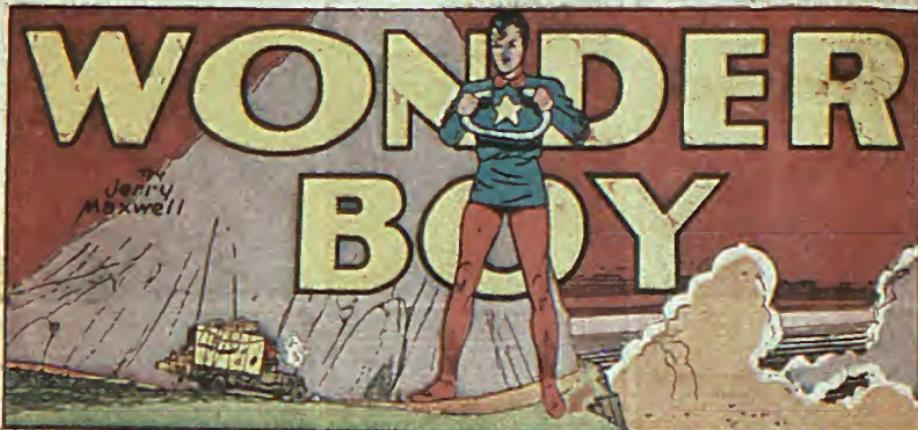


THE INTREP GROWS SUSPICIOUS BUT TOO LATE!





PEN MILLER CRACKS
ANOTHER THRILLING CASE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE



WE FIND THE WONDER BOY SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST, FISHING...



SUDDENLY...



HELP!

WHAT TH-!
SOME BODY'S
IN TROUBLE!

HE RUNS
TO INTER-
CEPT IT.

HE SEES A TOP-HEAVY TRUCK
CAPSIZING INTO A CANYON...



WITH A SUPER-HUMAN LEAP,
HE WUNGES
TOWARD THE TRUCK.



HE PUTS THE HEAVY VEHICLE
BACK ON THE ROAD...



A BOY! WHY
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
HOW DID YOU
DO IT?

I REALLY
DON'T KNOW.
BY THE WAY,
WHERE ARE
YOU FOLKS
GOING?

THE DROUGHT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO PAY OUR MORTGAGE, SO CHEATUM, THE LANDLORD, HAD US THROWN OUT BY ARMED THUGS. WE HAVE NO PLACE TO GO!

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP... LET'S GO BACK!



BUT THEY ARE STOPPED AT THE GATE....

WHAT D'YA WANT BACK HERE? WE TOLD YA TO GET OFF THE LAND DINT WE?



WE CAME BACK TO FIX OUR TR....

NEVER MIND. YOU HEARD WHAT HE SED! NOW, GIT!!

BUT WE...

LISSEN, WISE GUY, WE DON'T REPEAT THINGS! NOW GET A MOVE ON, OR WE'LL LET THE DAYLIGHT THROUGH YA!



QUICKLY WONDER BOY SNATCHES THEIR GUNS AND DESTROYS THEM.



THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO HONEST PEOPLE!



O' BOY! A FIGHT!!

THIS OUGHT TO PART YOUR HAIR!



IN SURPRISED TERROR, THE THUGS RAN BACK TO THEIR CHIEF....



2

YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION, HORSEFACE!



AND DON'T LET ME SEE YOUR UGLY FACE'S AROUND HERE AGAIN!



THEY'LL THINK DIFFERENTLY SOON! I'VE SENT A TRACTOR DOWN TO WRECK THEIR HOUSES! BY THIS EVENING THERE WON'T BE A SINGLE STICK STANDING!



WHILE CHEATUM IS SPEAKING, THE BIG "CATERPILLAR" IS ROLLING PELENTLESSLY TOWARD THE FARM HOUSE....



BUT WONDER BOY HE ON THE JOB.



WITH APPARENTLY NO EFFORT, WONDER BOY LIFTS THE GIANT TRACTOR AND...



RUNS TOWARD THE CLIFF...



CHUCKING IT INTO THE CHASM...



HE SUMMONS THE FARMERS TO A CONFERENCE...

AND TOMORROW I SHALL DIG YOU AN IRRIGATION CANAL.

O.K., MIKE, LET HIM HAVE IT! THEN ASK QUESTIONS LATER!



THE GANGSTERS FIRE UNTIL THEIR GUNS CLICK EMOTY...

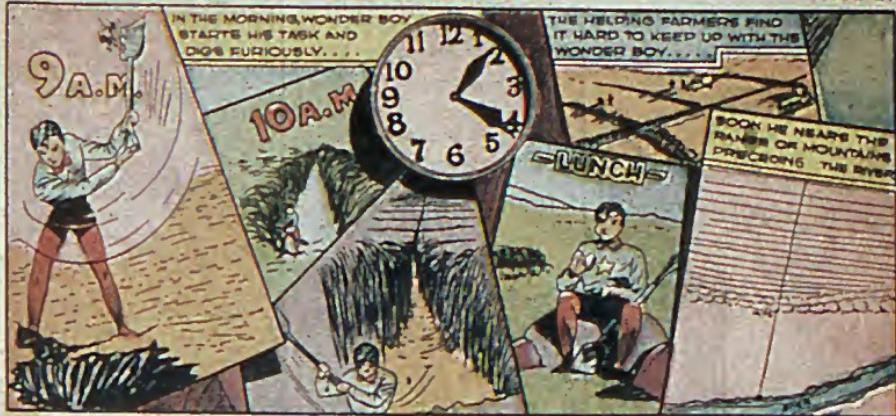


LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING THE ALARMED GANGSTERS FLASH BY THE FARMERS...



AND DISAPPEAR OVER THE HORIZON....





MEANWHILE, CHEATUM IS TALKING WITH THE "PROMINENT" LANDLORD, MR. HYDEM....

WHEN HE REACHES THE MOUNTAINS YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

VEH!

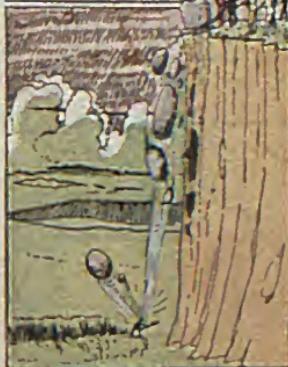
IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE WONDER BOY ARRIVES AT THE FOOT OF THE MENACING MOUNTAINS.

A FEW MORE YARDS AND THAT KID WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

BUT AS THE HUGE BOULDER FALLS, WONDER BOY IS VERY MUCH AWARE OF WHAT HIT HIM!

WITH A TERRIFIC BOUND, HE STREAKS UP THE FACE OF THE CLIFF....

AND SENDS THE WOULD-BE MURDERERS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR!







THRILLS! DRAMA!! ADVENTURE!!!

QUICKSILVER

PRESENTING:
A STARTLING NEW
CRIME BUSTER...
BOUNDING,
ROCKETING,
ELUSIVE....
"QUICKSILVER,"
THE LAUGHING
ROBIN HOOD!



THE GREAT CITY SLEEPS....



BUT IN A DARKENED LABORATORY AN EVIL MIND IS PLOTTING...



YES, WITH MY NEW FORMULA, I, LITTLE VON LOHEFER WILL SOON WREAK MY VENGEANCE ON THE MAN WHO RUINED ME...SAID I WAS A FAKE!

ACTING AS A POLICE DOCTOR, VON LOHEFER INJECTS HALF THE FORCE WITH THE HYPNO-FLUID THAT PARALYZES THEIR WILL POWER...

NOW GO! WRECK EVERY FACTORY AND BUILDING THAT J.B. ROCKLAND OWNS!



AT MIDNIGHT A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
WRECKS THE ROCKLAND PLANT....



GLAZE-EYED POLICEMEN SMASH
THE WORKS.....



SUDDENLY THE HEAVY DOOR IS
SPUNTERED BY RAINING
BLOWS.....



A FIGURE WITH THE
SPEED OF LIGHTNING
DASHES INTO THE
PLANT!



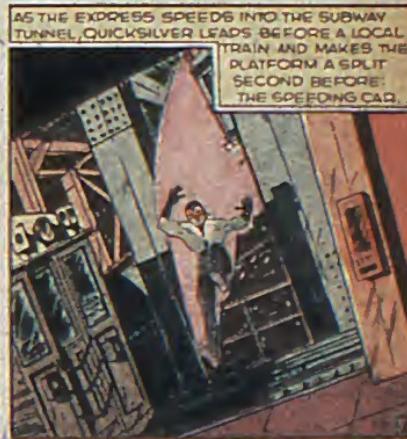
OUT OF NOWHERE....



LIKE AN UNLEASHED ARROW....



STREAMS THE
LAUGHING
WHIRLWIND!





BUT QUICKSILVER DROPS TO THE BELT OF A GIANT MACHINE....
SOMEONE THROWS THE SWITCH.....



SLIPPERY AS HIS NAME, HE
EVADES A WHIRLING SAW....



WITH PERFECT TIMING, HE LEAPS
BETWEEN THE MURDEROUS KNIVES....



AND BEATS THEM TO THE DROP.



THE POLICE WAIT AS HE LEAPS...



AND DIVES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED....



KNOCKING THE WIND OUT OF
THEM IN HIS FLIGHT.....







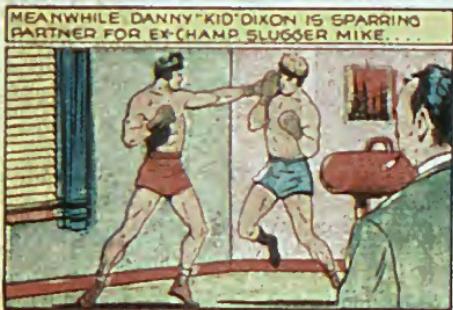
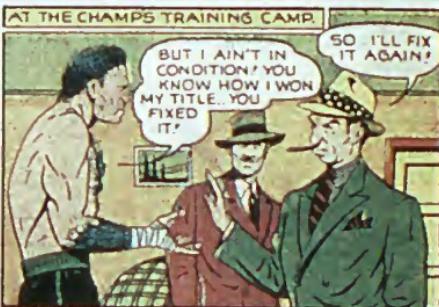
WITH A SWIFT BLOW, QUICKSILVER SENDS THE LITTLE MAN FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM....



AND SKIMMING BENEATH THE HURTLING FIGURE.....



....
AND QUICKSILVER
FLASHES OFF TO
SPEEDIER ADVENT-
URES, SMASHING
CRIME WITH A
LAUGH, AND A FIST
FULL OF THUNDER!











PAUL BUNYAN

By
Storey Weaver



PAUL SPEEDS TOWARD THE RAPIDLY DESCENDING PARACHUTISTS.



AS THEY HEAR THE GROUND THE TWO MEN OPEN FIRE.



PAUL FEARFUL FOR BABES' SAFETY, RACES FOR COVER BEHIND A HUGE OAK.



BABE, YOU STAY THERE, I'VE AN IDEA!



THE SURROUNDING EARTH SHAKES WITH A LOUD RUMBLE AS PAUL TEARS UP A TREE BY THE ROOTS.



WITH THE TREE IN HIS ARMS PAUL RUSHES TOWARD THE DESCENDING PARACHUTISTS WHO ARE STILL FIRING AT HIM.



GRABBING THEM IN THE TREE'S FOLIAGE, HE SHAKES THEIR GUNS LOOSE.



THE TWO MEN ATTEMPT TO FREE THEMSELVES.



BUT WITH A SWEEP HE SENDS THEM EARTHWARD.



THAT EVENING, IN THE MESS-HOUSE, THE LUMBERJACKS DISCUSS THE DAY'S EVENTS.



SUDDENLY, THE WINDOWS ARE SMASHED IN.



AS THE LOGGERS ARE COVERED, UNIFORMED MEN UNTIE THEIR TWO CAPTIVE COMRADES.



MEANWHILE, IN PAUL'S SHACK,



AND FROM OUTSIDE PAUL'S SHACK, WE SEE A GROUP OF MEN GETTING SET TO CRASH IN THE DOOR.





REACHING A CERTAIN SPOT IN THE FOREST PAUL IS THEN IMPRISONED WITH THE OTHER LOGGERS IN AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN.



THE CRIES AWAKEN PAUL AND WITH A FRENZY HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET...



AFTER A FIERCE BUT SHORT BATTLE, THE LOGGERS COME UP FROM THE CAVE!



Yankee Doodle Boy

By Anthony Lamb

"It's a very serious problem, Mr. President. I for one believe you should deport the treacherous villain."

"You are right, Senator Dobson, I will do as you say. Having considered the matter from all angles, I am convinced that I have only one choice—to rid the country of this menace and throw him back where he came from!"

Splash! The enemy in question flashed silver in the sunlight and fell back into the cool green water to swim gratefully down into the shadowy depths away from tempting worms and dangerous hooks.

"It's a shame to keep such little ones—give 'em a chance to grow up first." President Jimmy Jones, the Yankee Doodle Boy, stretched his bare legs in the warm sun and dipped his hand over the edge of the raft that served as Presidential yacht. Corny Dobson pulled in his fishing line with disgust.

"Vacation's about up, Mr. President. Do you think you've had enough rest to go back to important matters of state?"

"Uhhum—s'pose so—Hey, what was that?"

Across the quiet waters came the bark of a sharp command.

"Company, halt! Salute the flag of the homeland!"

The roar of many voices

shouting in unison in hard, staccato tones followed. The Yankee Doodle Boy frowned at his companion and began poling his raft quickly to the bank of the stream.

They climbed on shore and scurried through the bushes to an open field. There they lay, hidden by the foliage and



watched an amazing and almost frightening sight.

A column of over two hundred men stood stiffly at attention, their arms raised in the salute of a foreign military power. They were swearing undying allegiance to that power in those hard, staccato tones. On a platform stood the imposing figure of their commander and beside him, a stoop-shouldered little man, with a grim mouth and cold, determined eyes, looked out over the heads of the uniformed mass with glazed expression. In his hands he held a small metal object.

After the voices had ceased

the commander cleared his throat and began a speech that sent the blood pounding faster in Jimmy Jones' veins as the true meaning of the words dawned on him.

"Tomorrow the defense bill is to be decided in the United States Senate. It is generally known that this bill will be passed. Our orders from the leader in the homeland are to see that this bill does not pass. We have little time and our agents in Washington are powerless. But we are not. We have a little present for the United States Senate — perhaps they will not appreciate the fine spirit in which it is to be given, but we will forgive them their ignorance!" The smile that crossed the speaker's mouth was full of ominous meaning for the white-faced boys that listened in the bush.

"However, my loyal friends, that defense bill will not go through, I promise you, for we have one in our midst so true to our homeland, that he is willing to give his life to the furtherance of that cause. He stands before you here and will remain the Unknown Hero, for he goes to his death on his great mission!"

The cheering and applause was deafening as the little man raised the object that he carried so all, including the two Senate page boys, could see. It was a time bomb!

At that very minute a black

plane circled out of the clouds and came to a landing in the open field. The man with the bomb descended the platform steps and walked in complete silence past the ranks of men and over to the plane. The pilot helped him into the cabin and the plane was in motion again, taxiing dramatically by the platform and rising swiftly above the trees heading toward Washington.

Jimmy and Corny scrambled back to the raft without a word. They shoved off and made for the other shore. Corny blinked at Jimmy, and the Yankee Doodle Boy stared hard at the sky.

"I know what to do," he said at last.

"How can we do anything?"

"My friend, Bill Farrel, flies the evening mail plane over here — you know Bill — he taught me a lot about flying and—"

"And what? What's that got to do with it?" Corny helped to beach the raft and followed Jimmy across the rocks.

"Smoke signals," said Jimmy. "Get me all the dry wood you can find. Hurry, he'll be coming over soon."

Bill Farrel's thoughts were on the big blow-up he and the boys were going to throw that night, when he noticed the column of black smoke wagging up from the rocks along the banks of the Greenfalls river.

"Kids playin' Indians—oh, boy, those were the good old days. I can remember . . .

hey, wait a minute—" Bill banked around and circled back to see if what he thought he had seen was correct. "That signal couldn't have said 'SOS —SENATE IN DANGER' —or could it?" He watched the billowing signal again and convinced himself. "But that's crazy — some crank must be trying to kid somebody—maybe I better fly low and see what it's all about."

In another five minutes Jimmy Jones and Corny were flying up above the clouds and pouring out their story to the astounded mail pilot. Bill Farrel gained speed with altitude and it wasn't long before the slim, black plane was sighted.

"We'll land right on his tail when he comes into the field



and give him the surprise of his life."

Suddenly Jimmy shouted—"But he's not going to land—he's flying over the field. He's heading toward the Capitol—maybe he's going to parachute down!"

"Maybe he's not!" Bill reached for his Very pistol and

shoved it in Jimmy's hand. "Here, aim for his gas tank—I'll swing down next to him."

The Yankee Doodle Boy took careful aim as the black plane loomed near, but his first shot was thrown far and wide by a hail of machine-gun bullets that shattered the pane above his head. He ducked like a streak and was up again for a split second to fire once more. The rocket blaze hit true this time.

With a sudden roar, the other plane burst into red flames and trailed a thick column of black smoke on its downward plunge to its doom in the Potomac.

"Good work, Jimmy. We may have some tall explaining to do but I think that water-

logged time-bomb will tell its own story."

The Yankee Doodle Boy sank back and stared at the broken glass above his head. He sighed with relief.

"Yeah," just think of the story it would have told if it had gone off!"

PROP POWERS

By Lynn Byrd

AMERICANS TRAPPED IN WAR-RIMMED FRANCE! VOLUNTEERING AID TO HIS COUNTRY, PROP POWERS SPEEDS THROUGH RAINING BULLETS TO THE RESCUE.



PROP POWERS SETS OUT ON HIS REGULAR RUN, WITH PASSENGERS FOR LISBON.



HIS COURSE IS HIGH ABOVE THE WAR-CHURNED WATERS THAT ENCIRCLE EUROPE.



WELL, THIS FIGHTING HASN'T AFFECTED MY YOUNG LIFE... EXCEPT TO ELIMINATE MY BERMUDA STOP.



ON LEAVE IN LISBON.



BORROWING A SMALL PLANE, PROP TAKES TO THE CLOUDS.

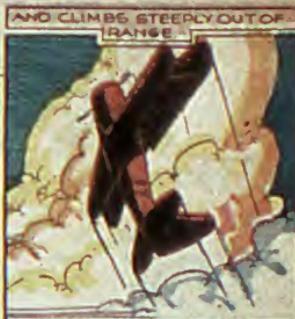


SOON HE IS ENCIRCLING THE OUTSKIRTS OF BORDEAUX.



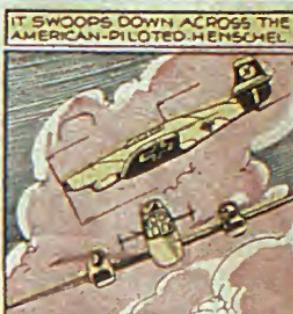
SUDDENLY A FIGHTING PLANE OF THE INVADER SWEEPS OUT OF THE SKIES.

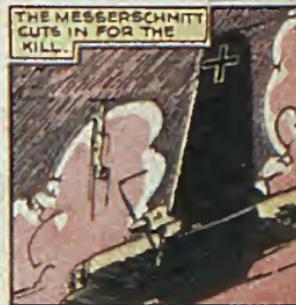


















A STRANGE LOOKING MAN WALKS THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON NOT KNOWING WHO HE IS. NOR WHAT HE IS DOING, BUT THERE IS A FIEND WHO DOES KNOW, FOR HE IS THIS MAN'S MASTER...



AT THE MOMENT, THE FIEND IS ABOUT TO PREPARE ANOTHER FOR HIS DARK DEEDS... BUT...



AS THE VICTIM CONTINUES, HE BUMPS INTO MERLIN THE GREAT MAGICIAN...



THE MAN IS DRAGGED
INTO A DESERTED ALLEY.

SPEAK!

MERLIN'S HYPNOTIC STARE
BREAKS THE TRANCE. THE
VICTIM BEGINS TO SPEAK...

I WAS BROUGHT BACK
FROM THE DEAD BY
A FIEND CALLED
DR. MORBID.

THE BLOOD ON
YOUR HANDS...
WHERE DID
IT COME FROM?



WHAT AM I
DOING HERE?
I... I
SHOULD
BE IN A
GRAVE!



MERLIN PICKS
UP THE MAN'S
CORY HAND
AND SHOWS IT
TO HIM...

HE DID IT! HE MADE
ME MURDER PEOPLE
WHOM I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW!

I DON'T BELONG HERE... I
SHOULD BE AT PEACE... IN
MY GRAVE!



I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP
YOU, IF YOU TAKE ME
TO DR. MORBID'S
PLACE!

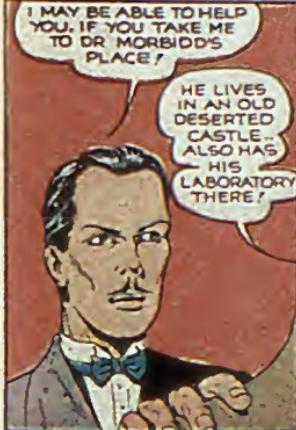
THE STRANGE ONE LEADS
MERLIN TO THE OLD MOSS
COVERED CASTLE OF DR. MORBID.

AND AFTER MANY HOURS OF
TRAVEL OVER ROCKY ROADS
THEY ARRIVE THERE...

HE LIVES IN AN OLD
DESERTED
CASTLE... ALSO HAS
HIS LABORATORY
THERE!



NOT A VERY
"HOMEY"
LOOKING
PLACE.



AS THEY NEAR THE GATE, MERLIN SEES OTHER STRANGE FIGURES LIKE HIS COMPANION.



THE HUGE GATE CREAKS AND OPENS SLOWLY.

MERLIN GESTURES



LIKE SHEEP, THE MEN FILE IN THROUGH THE GATE AND THE MAGICIAN FOLLOWS.



A STRANGE FIGURE GREETED HIM...



HE TAKES A GUN FROM THE FOLDS OF HIS ROBE...



AND WHIRLS ABOUT, SHOOTING DIRECTLY AT MERLIN.



HE WON'T COME AGAIN WHERE HE'S NOT WANTED!
MEH MEH!



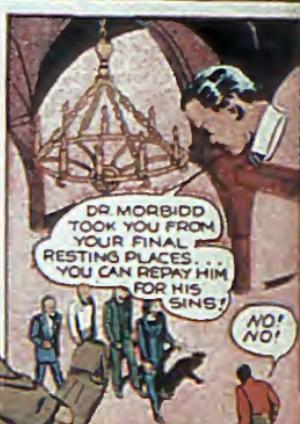
THE WRAITH-LIKE FIGURE IS SHOCKED TO SEE MERLIN STILL ALIVE!

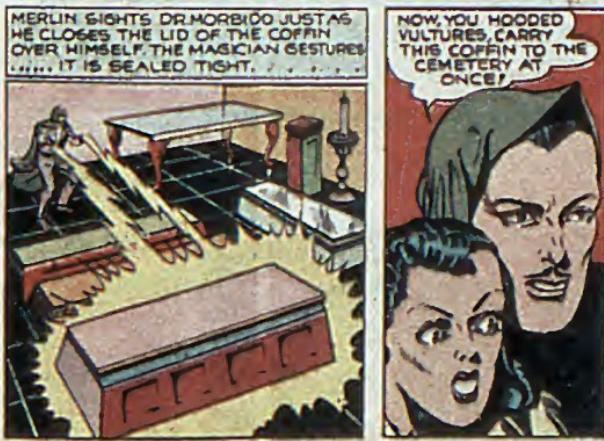


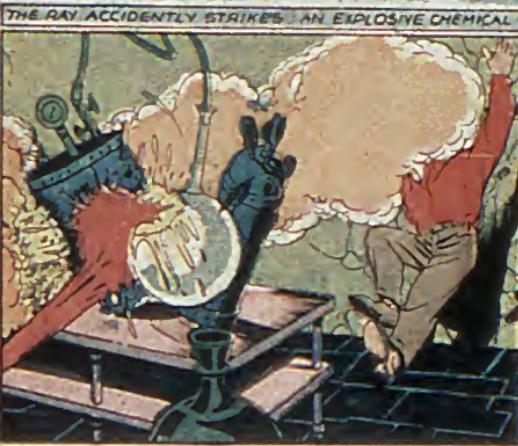
CAN YOU STAND ANOTHER SHOCK, SOURPUSS?













THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy, fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Below is the touch typing book sent Free while this offer lasts.

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The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont fabric.

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1000-SHOT
RED RYDER

cowboy
CARBINE

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SERIAL NO. 1,000,000
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FILED
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UNLICENSED BY STEPHEN SUTHERLAND, INC., NEW YORK

cowboy

CARBINE

16 INCH LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my
carbines on your
wall like this . . . or look it
to your bike. They come
attached to Carbine Bag
at no extra cost. Pardon!

SOME SIGHTS

WESTERN
CARLINE

"I need another, hurry
For riders the range, I
skip a step & stop
Here it's King and the like
and to my satisfaction, he
can't hold clear as at present
the others were my paddies
either or give bunched them
my hands by a dozen!

**CARBINE
STYLE FORK-PRICES**

**GOLDEN-BANDED
BARR[LI]**

"These picturesquely golden-colored bands 'round us'—
would be" fine pieces
of mighty pretty—
bands like the real gold I
used to prospect for out
West. You'll be proud
of 'em!"

1

LIGHTNING-LOADER
INTENTION!

about 30
there about 10
without re-

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IT'S REALLY YOURS
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Now as you
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RED RYDER
cowboy
CARBINE

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MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on face branded on th' stock!"—RED RYDER

16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG!
"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost. Ponder!

WESTERN CARBINE RING!
"Th' real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru th' Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to th' ground if she slides outta my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a ba'ar!

SOME SIGHTS!
"It's a Humdinger, Fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work . . . large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West!"

GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!
"These glittery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty . . . kinda like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE!
"Grab this husky, semi-carved, full length hand-hold . . . th' wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!"

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